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MORE
SEVEN CLUB TALES

FOUND IN MR. JEFFERAY'S PAPERS MARKED: "SOME STRANGE RELATINGS, SENT BY DIVERS OF MINE ACQUAINTANCE, WITH A DESIRE THAT THEY BE READ UNTO THE SEVEN CLUB. HERE FOLLOWETH A NAMING OF WITHIN. W. J."

MR. RAY'S TALE.
AN INDIAN LEGEND OF BLOCK ISLAND.

MR. SMITH'S TALE.
A NAMELESS GUEST AT NARRAGANSETT.

MR. WILLETT'S TALE.
A STRANGE LADING AT THE KENNEBEC.

MR. BLACKSTONE'S TALE.
THREE GHOSTLY APPEARINGS AT STUDY HALL.

DR. CRANSTON'S TALE.
A MARVELLOUS CURE AT NEWPORT.

MR. BAULSTONE'S TALE.
THE FIRST CALLER TO MINE INN AT PORTSMOUTH.

MISTRESS PORTER'S TALE.
MY HUSBANDS AND OTHER TRIALS.

EDITED BY
JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN.
COMPILER OF
"THE JOURNAL OF WILLIAM JEFFERAY, GENTLEMAN."
1900.

LIMITED EDITION.

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PRESS OF
NEWPORT DAILY NEWS,
NEWPORT. R. I.

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PREFACE.

It was doubtless Mr. Jefferay's intention to have read these tales at the Seven Club, though whether he ever did so is unknown. Evidently those who sent them to him were familiar with the tales already told at the club, and were acquainted with the members. The narrations heretofore published (as a part of Mr. Jefferay's Journal) were so favorably received, that it has been decided to print these later found stories, as a proper sequel. The reader will find familiar names in the tellers—Mr. Ray, a leading settler at Block Island, two of whose granddaughters married distinguished Governors of Rhode Island; (he gives an Indian's version of the "Palatine Light"); Mr. Smith, of the old Narragansett trading house, where the whole New England army was subsisted in King Philip's war; (he tells a Regicide tale); Mr. Willett, the first English Mayor of New York; Mr. Blackstone, the always interesting recluse of Study Hill; Doctor Cranston, the early Colonial

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Governor, and whose son Samuel was thirty times elected to that office; Mr. Baulstone, mine host, whose claret has been extolled by Mr. Jefferay, heretofore; and Mistress Porter, much married and much tried therein (and otherwise) as naively related by her. A goodly company, indeed, of story tellers. Wherefore, gentle reader, give unto them a fair hearing, and your courtesy shall, perchance, be something requited.

JOHN OSBORNE AUSTIN.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Mr. Ray's Tale.

AN INDIAN LEGEND OF BLOCK ISLAND.

Mr. Jefferay's valued visit hath minded me to send this for his reading, (if worthy) at the Seven Club, so called. I came, as you know, among that band, (many of us from Braintree,) who first settled Block Island, near half a score years since.

It may be deemed in a degree presumptuous for one of my youth, (scarce turned of thirty), to tell aught that might interest mine elders; and tho' I have been honored in counsel, and acted in the concerns of our holy religion (for want of other minister), yet I should be slow to give from mine own experience any relatings whatsoever. I shall rather tell what I heard from another, upon first coming to the island, in the year of our Lord 1661. At that time there was a considerable number of Indians on Block Island, with some grown ancient; and what I shall relate came from the oldest of these, (near an hundred years by his reckoning), one more than passing wise for any of that race.

What he told me came from his grandsire's grandsire, with origin still further off, per-

chance, for these Indians, having naught in writing, do carry forward their history by one generation telling unto another. If this maketh some incertitude of dates, yet enough facts remain to hold by, for want of better record. Such thoughts had lodgment with me when I took down the best interpretation possible of this ancient Indian's tale; and it ran nearly in this wise:

Many, many moons ago (about two hundred years before our settling, as near as I could get it) the Great Pond had so deep and broad an entrance that any ship might make safe haven there; not as now a channel variable or none at all. The mightiest storm that e'er raged, in their accountings, had continued some days, when a vessel was seen making as best she might for this harbour, which happily she fetched into with safety and anchored, with all her cable out e'en there. Though she was called by the Indian a great ship (and may have been by compare with the shallop we arrived in) yet I deem her, from his describing, such a craft as then traded across channel from England to other parts of Europe. But if not large as reckoned today of ships, yet she was staunch enough to weather this mighty gale; albeit, the poor people in her had doubtless oft given themselves up for lost, and all thankful enough now to be so

snugly placed. Nor did the storm cease its fury one whit for a long space yet, raging indeed more fiercely than ever, till (in all) a half moon had passed, or, as we should say, a fortnight.

At the last of it a most strange thing befell, which was nothing less than the closing of all entrance to the pond or harbour in such solid fashion that one might not believe it could e'er ope again; a perfect land-locking forever, as seemed, of that ship so lately storm-tossed. When the gale had well finished and the voyagers some rested, they got off a boat from the deck, and passing signals of friendship with the Indians (who had come to the shore) soon made a landing.

The best account I could gather, made these strangers of light complexion and middle stature, and of English speech. Nor could I shake the old Indian at all about this last, tho' questioning closely. One had direct command in ship and boat, but another had the most respect paid him on landing, and ever afterward. This last was most richly dressed, with a sword at his side, and though a young man, grave and stately appearing. It would seem he was not of the vessel's company, but a passenger, who having been in some service abroad had chanced upon this vessel for his

return to England. It proved a sorry mischancing for him however, as you have seen; and losing their near port by driving to sea in this dire gale, they would have long since starved but that the cargo was in some part food. So close had one gale followed upon another that they called it but one storm since leaving their port till arrival here.

The voyagers tho' so long tossed about, and across so wide an ocean, would finally have made trial to again pass over it, but for their prisoning here in way related; as indeed they were fast enough held, having no method to escape their vessel, nor proper tools to break her up and rebuild on ocean side. Now giving up all hope of e'er seeing home again, they commenced to build and plant, living on the ship till their houses were ready, then removing thereto most of their belongings from the ship.

When all was done, they settled down in some content, and yet far from real happiness, for thinking of their loved ones at home, who might well suppose them lost. After crops were gathered from their first planting, some debate arose as to whether wives might not be taken, and most of the unmarried did soon join themselves to Indian maidens; as all the rest later, (whether having wives at home or not) ex-

cept their young ruler. He was careful that all their marriages should be made from a book, the Indian said, and with sign of the cross. It would thus seem that the one who had command since landing, tho' not himself a priest, was determined to make a ceremony as binding as he could, which speaketh well for him, so far. A calm and peaceful life followed this gathering into families, with no trouble from their Indian neighbors, for the young leader of the English measured out justice to all, brooking not any unfairness in dealing with the natives.

One only trouble finally came to plague them, but this strange enough; the falling into a decline of the head sachem's daughter by reason of her love for the young Englishman. This was when some years had passed, the maid near twenty and the young man nearer to thirty years.

It was a cause for offense to the sachem that his daughter's love was not returned and might yet bring the whole settlement into some danger, if the commander's coldness continued towards the maiden.

But leaving this a moment, I must now tell of another great gale, only second in fury to the earlier one, with an ending which had this unlikeness to the first—in that it opened what the other had shut! In truth,

the great pond had again become a good harbour, with fair channel, both in depth and width.

Joy and commotion followed upon this wonder becoming known (as you may well believe); of the English at least; and most were for braving the seas again, so strong the hold of home and kindred.

No such joy showed in their Indian wives, for many would for certain be left, and if a few taken, yet to an unknown land over a dangerous sea.

Listen, however, to what came next; for hardly had the boat made her first passage to the ship, when lo! the vessel brake forth in flames, slowly moving the while towards the harbour's mouth, with guiding hand at the helm none other than that Indian maid, of whose love I told!

The boat was rowed closer still, but it was, alas, too late to save the burning ship, and the maid, well satisfied with her work, now plunged headlong into the sea, where she would have drowned had not he whom she so loved rescued her, and drawn into the boat.

Upon close questioning, she did confess to firing the ship and loosing cable, that he who was to embark might not go from her forever.

Some in the boat were so enraged at

this as to sieze her, with a purpose of throwing overboard to drown; for their spirits were sadly dashed at a time when thoughts of home had been uppermost. Their leader sternly forbade laying any hand upon her, but though he rebuked the girl only by a glance, doubtless she felt it more than threat of all the rest. Heaven only knows the deep distress he felt that the cup of happiness should be thus dashed from his lips, when he had so longed for liberty and thought it attained. Yet saddened as he was at his life's fate sealed (a grief that would have maddened some in thinking of the manner of missing this one chance) he never chided the Indian maid, but by that one look. This only rebuke of his hath been told by Indian word for generations, the wonder more to them, as quick death would have been her portion if she had so worked upon any of her own blood; scarce would her father's station have saved her.

All that night the burning ship could be seen, far off at last on horizon's edge; and still can it be seen at long intervals of time, if the ancient Indian may be heeded in what he stoutly declared the truth.

I know not how this may be, having of a certainty never, myself, seen it; nor do I overmuch believe in the spirit return of things that have in nature passed away.

Whether partly come from this happening of the fire, as dispiriting many, a plague now broke forth which spread so direfully that many Indians, and all that company of English, save one, perished ere it was spent.

The one who survived it was that youngest, the ruler and commander of the rest, nor would he have 'scaped but for the tendance day and night of that Indian maid, who never left his side from the time he was stricken down until the plague abated and the fever left his blood.

When the spark of life kindled a little and he came out of his worst weakness, he well knew to whom he owed this new life (after God); and as a more steady flaming came, in strength renewed, he may well have been touched at the thought of her devotion, twice shown, tho' in such different manner.

Whatever had kept his love from her till now, (whether real or fancied affection for another, or some bitter experience of woman's faithlessness), true it is that his heart at last went out to this poor Indian maid.

They were happily joined together on his quick recovery (as ever love hastens cure of the ailing) and lived in great content for many years.

One child was born to them, but died ere reaching womanhood, and a few years later the wife died, leaving her much sorrowing husband to linger many years more, though wishing most to join her. Still, if it were God's will he should remain, he resolved to do some service for Him in ministering to soul and body of the Indians; and in this good work he continued to his life's close, near an hundred years old. The night he died that ship of flame appeared, with his wife at helm, and the spirit that left his body joined hers.

Great lamentation and long grieving followed his death, for dearly did these poor natives love him on account of his watchful care and good counsel ever bestowed on them.

Scarce could they be comforted in their loss, and so sure were they of his revisiting them in spirit, that whenever the appearance was reported of that ship of flame, they would flock to the shore ready to welcome his landing.

This custom continued for many years, (e'en to the youth of the ancient man who told me the tale), but fell into disuse with the coming of other white men in later times, and the dying of the older sort of Indians.

One thing more I must tell of him, which happened just before he died; when calling

to him one of the younger but well betrusted men, he gave him a ring from off his finger, charging that it should be handed down from father to son until, mayhap in some distant age, an Englishman might come to the Island. In this event (which he said should some time surely be) the ring must be handed over to such an one, if worthy of trust; as to which e'en a poor Indian hath some judgment.

So this ring hath at last reached me, by hand of the ancient man whose tale I have told, and I would fain have all see it that may, in good hope that a matching of the arms upon it may be found with some still borne in England.

Such likeness I have not yet come upon, tho' diligent search hath been made, and it something fears me that this line may have run out its course, long since, as oft happeneth to some of our best old stocks.

I have many times pondered on the case of that poor youth, so strangely cast upon a speck of ground in the great ocean; and how his mind must have gone back, in old age (the habit then), to his early days in England. I have thought whether he might not have left some writing to clear this mystery, telling of his name and station, as by his dress, and deference paid him, he bore some title or rank, of certainty.

The time of his landing was something earlier, 'tis evident, than that Columbus came (though called the first of all) and this would make his writings, with dates therein, so much the more of value. If he left any such my searching hath not found them, though 'twere possible yet to come about; the more like near his grave, which also hath 'scaped my inquiry thus far. Methinks he would ne'er have given such writings to care of Indians, not for doubting their honesty, but the lack of means to care for them, and danger of wearing, wetting, or fire.

Only this ring have I to show of his visit here, and the ancient Indian who gave it to me (close upon his death) charged me to care for it my life through, passing to another hand ere mine grew quite cold. So will I try; with strict heed (if sudden death might be mine) that the ring go not astray, but ever remain in safe holding.

'Twas a strange story this old man told, and I rested not till he had given it many times, to see if all held the same, or could be shaken in any of its parts; but when finally done it remained as at the first, save in a few small faults of mine own interpreting. This confusion (from difference in language) hath all been cured, and you have it cleared just as it came from his lips, in all essential things.

You must now be the judge of how much there may have been to start upon, and to what grown since by telling of one generation to another. I will vouch for the last teller as a wise man (for his race), never having met one more so, in some wide knowledge of Indians. And there is the ring, carrying its own evidence, so far.

I could wish, ere closing, that I might better tell of the beauty and worth of the Indian maid who so loved that stranger cast upon her father's domain; but herein am I some barred by the special manner (different from our English way of speech) in which set forth to me by the ancient man. Straight as an arrow, lissome as any fawn, hair black as night, but lustrous, and eyes like stars, yet melting (when turned toward one), teeth of pearl and voice sweet as wood thrush song, were only part that he told of her. In our plainer way, she was beautiful, tender and true; and those of us who believe love best of all, (as nearest like God who made us), will not pity too much the one whose heart was hers, e'en tho' his fate at first seemeth so hard to bear.

Mr. Smith's Tale.

A NAMELESS GUEST AT NARRAGANSETT.

It may be thought that dwelling so remote from other English, on edge of the wilderness (at Wickford), might give less reason for any notable happenings in my household, but as to that you shall presently see.

'Tis true, that, till of late, we did live much apart from other settlements, none nearer, on the main, than Pawtuxet, a score of miles away. All this is now changed by coming of many to settle near unto us.

My father came here as early as 1640, in a desire for more freedom of conscience than most would grant in Plymouth Colony, and well opinioned that in the Massachusetts he might fare still worse. Beyond this was his desire to do the natives good in propagating the gospel amongst them; with some use also for a good estate he brought, to trade with these Indians.

So he built him a house, commodious enough for family and servants, as well as entertainment for chance travellers upon that Pequot Path, leading close beside us from the Massachusetts and Plymouth to Connecticut bounds.

Upon this matter of boundaries, however, there hath been much dispute betwixt Rhode Island and Connecticut, as to which hath jurisdiction in Narragansett, with some imprisonings of late, on both sides.

In our free entertainment of travellers, if such came but on scant occasion, yet in all these years some choice spirits have tarried with us, and of strange histories oft, if they might be willing to declare them.

My tale hath to do with one of these, whose coming and going was in mystery. It was, methinks, some two years or thereabouts before our Colony's charter was granted by His Gracious Majesty, King Charles, that I first saw him of whom I relate, and upon the occasion that now followeth.

I had been ordering some work upon our shore, (the gathering and hauling of sea weed to dress a field); this direction falling of late to my lot, for my father had grown something ancient and less able to oversee than formerly. The last load had at length started on its homeward way, and I about to follow, when casting mine eyes seaward, I saw a craft hauling in by Beaver Tail (as called), and observing her now more closely, could not make her rig to match with any shallop or ketch belonging in our colony.

Marveling some at this, I sat me down to

await her nearer approach, thinking, as she had not stood in for Newport, it were like that Providence might be her port; a course that would make her to pass me in some closeness.

By her fashioning I was at a loss to tell whether she might be from the Dutch at Manhattan, from Barbadoes, or Virginia; yet in some belief 'twere one of these she had voyaged from.

The wind making more from the southward now, and tide serving fair, she soon drew closer; but instead of passing up the bay (as I thought her sure to do), she brought up into the wind, and lowered a boat, which was headed for the little cove where I stood.

The one who sat in the stern I could soon see, by his dress and bearing, was gently born; and, on soon landing, he bowed in grave politeness and thus saluted me: "If I mistake not, thou art Master Smith, who liveth near, and I would fain have some speech with thee, a little apart." This last he spake lower and as regarding the men who had rowed him from the vessel; they still waiting his command.

As we walked a little space back from the shore, I assured him my name was rightly guessed, but that perchance it was my father he sought, in which case we

would seek him at the house, his age keeping him much there of late.

"No, 'tis thyself, the younger Richard, I seek," said he, "though I hope soon to see much of thy father also, if my business prosper as I desire. I know you both, by report, as men ever courteous to strangers, entertaining all who may come to you in their journeyings, with no thought of pay.

"For myself, however, I desire a different sort of lodgment, inasmuch as my stay may be longer than any yet hath made with you.

"I would make payment, therefore, in gold (of which I have a small store in this purse), or, if it please you, it liketh me still better, to pay in any writings required from your large tradings. My stay would be three months to a day, but only on that condition I spake of, wherein I pray that thou wilt humour me; contenting my mind so far, as Heaven knows my soul hath been enough disquieted to need some repose.

"Should such long tarrying of a stranger (whose manners and temper thou hast yet to learn) be not to thy mind, that were of itself a bar, tho' I hope there would be nothing unseemly found in me upon trial. 'Tis for thyself to say whether we part now as friends, or a few months later. If now, I will at once hie me back to Virginia, whence I came; a long voyage for disap-

pointment at its close, but better that than to be an unwelcome guest."

Now, although his request was in a manner strange, yet I had grown into such a liking for him ere he finished, by reason of the honesty and courtesy he showed, that I was well assured his stay would pleasure us more than it could vex.

So I quickly made answer: "It shall be e'en as thou dost desire, and tho' we shall sure be advantaged by thy tarry, in our something lonely life here, yet as to employment for spare hours, there are indeed some arrears of writing that my father lately made mention of; enough I think to satisfy thy scruple of not being idle. And now what may I call thy name?"

He looked as if some troubled or saddened at this query, and paused before his answer came: "Once more must I crave a boon, for the name I bear cannot be told at the present, nor will I give a false one to thee. Call me therefore (if thou wilt again humour me) 'The Nameless Guest' until in some day of better fortune I may give another—which it vexeth me sore I may not now."

To this I made answer that I was well content to let it rest as he desired, and bade him not to be distressed on that account, nor on any other that I might help him in.

He seemed very grateful for these simple words of mine, grasping my hand quickly, but saying nothing, except as his eyes spake his thanks.

We walked back to the boat now, and after direction to the men to call for him that day three months, he watched them as they pulled back to the vessel; then, after signal with his kerchief to those aboard, he turned to me with a more cheerful look than heretofore borne, and we walked on together toward the house.

As my men had all gone before, I offered to help him with his bag, which tho' not large was heavy enough as I could well see. He thanked me, but said he always kept it close to himself, as used to the weight, tho' it might burden others. I think that besides his apparel, he may have had some books and papers within it also; which would well account for heaviness; such matters in mass, making hard carriage. I forbore to talk with him o'ermuch, as doubtless wearied with his voyage and many things upon his mind, perchance; but he seemed to have cast much burden therefrom (on turning his back to the sea), and now talked, as he looked, more cheerfully. He inquired as to my father's health, and said he had oft heard of my wife's notable courtesy to strangers, as also her some leaning towards

the Quakers' belief, who were indeed a good people in many ways. I told him that tho' my wife still held to the English Church, yet pitied much the heavy yokes put on the Quakers in other colonies; somewhat of their sufferings having been related by Mistress Gardiner, (now Mistress Porter,) who had been to Narragansett on a religious concern of late. He then inquired of Mr. Winthrop's last visit, (esteeming him above most of his neighbours, as fairer minded to those differing), and of Captain Atherton, Captain Hutchinson and others; but in particular of Mr. Blackstone and Mr. Williams, whether so often here as in former times.

He seemed to know well the names also of Indian sachems about us, inquiring of several, if yet peaceably disposed to all, as they ever were to Mr. Williams.

By this time we were come to the house, where he received warm greeting from my aged father, and was welcomed heartily by my wife too, that he might feel himself no stranger here.

Upon his going to his room, I told more in particular of his strange coming and desire of a long stay with us, unknown by name, and that he would be made useful in some writing for us, which we did agree should be found, to ease his mind; and then, as he entered, sat us to supper.

At this first meal, and afterward, I could not but note what ready use he made of napkin (as always familiar), howbeit, some very worthy visitors were clumsy therein, being unaccustomed.

His manner with servants, too, was of one used to being served, and so in all things he clearly showed a gentle birth and breeding. His discourse was easy and of much profit to us, from his wide experience of men and affairs, as also much drawn from books, showing a ready acquaintance in languages.

As to this last, he said he would be glad to school any youth in Hebrew, Greek or Latin, if there were some of our household or near unto us who desired such teaching. We told him this might be in later years, as good signs appeared of more settlement than now in lands about us, which should induce a more lasting stay of himself.

To this he answered that a settled abode near us would much pleasure him, and might yet be brought about, after a space, if only some business in Virginia could happily be concluded, tho' only time might unravel that. As he courteously bade us good night, he said he would attend my father and myself in the morning for the laying out of such writings as we should engage him in.

After he had gone we fell into much de-

bate over our guest; what his history might have been, his reasons for keeping his name and particular affairs so close, etc.,—and this not from any desire to pry upon him, but from a hearty liking, and hope to be of some service if he would but allow it.

We were well agreed that he had a most pleasing address, the kind of manners that could come only from a good heart; not such as some do carry on the outside alone.

On the morrow he appeared at the hour set, and we made good study of papers and accounts used in our barter trade, which was then considerable, having an ample store house to receive our goods.

As all our papers were kept in much method, there was no great arrears to bring forward, but it was rather a matter of copying more clearly things writ down in haste upon some sudden call.

When all was laid out before him, (in the little room set apart for such work), and a new book opened, we were much amazed, after he had neatly fashioned the quill's point, to see what fine penmanship was his.

Better I had ne'er seen; clear, regular, yet flowing swiftly from his hand in easy strokes, so that it was e'en a pleasure to watch him at his work.

The morning was allotted for this writing, as we would not suffer him to spend more

time upon it; and the rest of the day was at his own disposing, with freedom for the whole, at any time desired of him, for some special undertaking.

A few such he used by going forth in company with some Indians, to visit their traps, wherein were caught the animals that yielded us those skins we bartered for.

He was a good fowler, often supplying our table from his hunting of birds, as well as larger game; but his great delight was fishing, of which he never tired. He knew the hiding place of all kinds well, and how to cunningly lure them forth; although not venturing upon the sea overmuch, preferring rather a pretty stream and fishing it up to the source, through the woods.

So with writing, fowling, and fishing, and his books of an evening (as often one in pocket when he took his rod), the time passed quietly to our guest, with more, I think, of peace and content than his life had known ere reaching us.

Our talk was mostly at meals, whence arose a habit of lengthening them some, and we were ever profiting, as I have said, by things drawn from the rich store of his learning or experience.

The days had passed swiftly by in this pleasing fashion, until scarce a week re-

mained, ere he should leave us; a matter that it liked me not to think upon.

Still there was some such thought in my mind, one morning, when he came in haste to ask for a day's absenting of himself, if no hindrance to any wish of mine. I answered quickly that any day he might use freely; and seeing him someways disturbed in manner, asked if I could not pleasure him in something beside. He hesitated a moment and then said: "If any land from a King's ship, I pray thee keep secret my stay here, tho' believe me no King's officer hath rightful claim on my liberty."

I told him I readily believed it, and gave assurance that none who might land should hear mention of him. At this he pressed my hand, as once before (on our first meeting), and soon disappeared with fishing rod and book, going by that path through the wood that led to his favorite stream.

I had some wonder that he thus spake of King's cruiser (few such coming our way); but looking seaward, soon after, I did indeed espy a ship, tho' too distant to determine what manner of one she was. She was nearing however, working slowly up against a head wind, and at length 'twas evident she was none other than a King's ship.

It then came to me that my nameless guest had seen her with his glass, having a

most excellent one, that he oft used from his window, scanning the sea.

The vessel showed no sign of coming to anchor near us, nor did she lay off and on in any waiting; but gaining now a better slant to the wind, shaped her course straightway to double the north end of Conanicut, with a purpose to make Newport, as seemed.

Our guest returned towards eve, and at the first chance I could get, my assurance was given that the ship had passed unnoticing, e'en by a gun; which seemed some relief for him to hear.

He thanked me for my care, and then fell into a closer talk than e'er before, as touching England in particular. First questioning me as to report of my service, in years past, on the Protector's side; he said many saw their duty thus; and most of his own family had believed the right lay with that side, himself agreeing to most of it, but never to that death put upon King Charles the First so cruelly.

True, that ill fated monarch did stand too much for the right of Kings (even to the wronging of some other men), yet was he honest in it, if too opinioned, and (as might now be seen) no good could come finally from such harsh dealings on him. Nor would he countenance that other harshness now being worked upon those who, tho' favoring

Cromwell, yet were guiltless of the King's blood; and he deemed great injustice done to those in particular whose worst offense was some kinship to those stern judges called Regicides.

At that last word his voice fell lower, and he stopped sharply, as if he might have said too much. Then passed through my mind the thought of whether 'twere possible the man before me might be some way related to one of those very judges!

For the rest of the week life went on much as before, and the ship's recent nearness had quite gone from my thoughts, however it might be with our guest.

On the evening before he should leave us, we were gathered, after supper, at first talking in some cheerfulness of the many pleasant days together, and how quickly passed.

I remember that he spoke of one particular enjoyment I had given him, in conducting a few days before to that rock where the Indians do crown their kings or sachems.

Some silence following this, there came a feeling of sadness over us now at our soon parting with one who had much endeared himself to all.

His gentle ways, his honour in smallest things, the kindly services he was ever rendering; these were the things I was musing

upon, and how they would be missed on his departure, when I was startled by the sudden moving of his chair to a new place, close beside the window and facing the door.

He must have heard what reached not my ear, for he had but settled on this other side, when the door was rudely thrown back, without warning, and two ship's officers entered, leaving two of their men to bar any escape through doorway.

"In the King's name I arrest thee!" said the taller one, advancing on my guest, and was for naming whom, when our visitor, having arisen in much dignity, sternly said, "Forbear more speech. I am unknown by name here, advance to your duty upon me." They coming now nearer toward him, one upon each side, it had been well they had made quick work, for there was a look in my guest's eye (albeit calm otherwise) which should have warned them.

I had always seen him so gentle, that I marveled at the dangerous look his eyes gave forth, which I can only liken to flash of sword: nor had I time to dwell on this, for greater amazement came, as, quicker than thought, he threw both of them back into the doorway to fall upon the other two, then leaped out the open window!

Nor did he leave till he had called back "I go by the Pequot Path to New London,

where you may greet me if your ship be speedy enough to catch the little bark that awaits me there!"

There was a dash made by them all (when unwedged from the narrow doorway), and I heard a quick firing into the forest, but to none effect, for they returned to the house, with threats of future vengeance upon me for harbouring the one who had 'scaped them; and then hastened to their ship and sailed for New London.

Now I could better understand why our guest had made himself so well acquaint with the forest paths, and if he borrowed one of our horses for part of the passage, sure I am that he found a way to return him ere long.

It was the next day (the very one his vessel should have arrived to bring him away) and close upon the hour, being nearly dusk, when I walked slowly and sadly toward the spot where first I saw him; and lo! as I live, that same little bark was standing in! I rubbed mine eyes to make sure I saw aright, and now the same boat was rowing from her directly toward me.

A few minutes more and I clasped the hand of my late visitor, he whom I ne'er had thought to see again, unless in chains.

"What madness is this," quoth I, "for glad as my very heart is to greet thee, yet think of thy danger." "Think not at all

of that," answered he, "but only let me thank thee for kindnesses that I ne'er shall forget so long as my troubled life doth last. If it be God's will, we shall meet again, but I could never have rested more had not my poor thanks now been given thee. Fare thee well, good friend, may blessings follow thy pathway ever; again, farewell."

Here he turned quickly, to hide, I think, some tears, (for tho' as brave as a lion, his was a gentle spirit); and hurried to the boat awaiting him, with no further adieu save a waving of his kerchief as the ship sailed away.

Oft at dusk (the time of both his comings) have I walked upon the shore where he landed, hoping to sight his bark approaching. This may yet be, if he is still alive, for (tho' never promising) he did much hope for future abode near us.

I would fain trust that this may come about, for never have I been so saddened at parting with visitor, before or since.

Where'er he goeth some good shall ever follow his steps, and in the content he bringeth others, it must be that some shall rest with him, to lessen that sorrow which hath laid hold upon his life. Godspeed my Nameless Guest in all his ways!

I pray you of the Seven Club, keep this writing to yourselves (all known to me as

men both discreet and honourable); for tho' I have ne'er suffered the promised vengeance for my harbouring, yet it were not wise at present to give forth to the world.

NOTE.—In 1680 there arrived in Narragansett one Theophilus Whaley, from Virginia, where he had lived many years. He lead a life of some mystery in his new abode. He was acquainted with the dead languages, a fine penman, etc., and gained his living by fishing, teaching, weaving and writing deeds for his neighbors. He is said to have received occasional visits from distinguished people outside the colony, and to have preserved an unbroken silence as to his early history. He was long and persistently believed by some to have been one of the Regicide Judges who condemned to death King Charles I. This was later disproved, but that he was in some way related to one of them, and that he had seen service in the Parliamentary army is still believed by many.

Was this the "Nameless Guest" of Mr. Smith, finally come to dwell here as he had fondly hoped?

Mr. Willett's Tale.

A STRANGE LADING AT THE KENNEBEC.

A visit from Mr. Jefferay to my home at Swanzey, whereby I much profited in his converse, occasions this relation of a befalling in my earlier years.

If the Seven Club care for its reading, perchance there may be enough therein to interest them for a brief space. My life hath been so oft beset with strange happenings, from wide travel, both of sea and land, that I am at a loss of which to relate.

But I can promise you it shall not be of phantom ship, fountain of youth, nor philosopher's stone; having ne'er come upon the two first, nor found any method by which stones might yield gold, other than the removal of them that a good harvest might take their place, with help of honest toil. (Perchance 'twas this golden grain the philosopher had in mind).

I did think to have told you something, (not too well known) about the rock a few miles eastward of my dwelling, whereon are inscribed divers messages from early dwellers in these parts (many years before our English came), but this would make too long a tale for now.

A little of my earlier history, (ere I come fair upon the story I am to tell you) may here be not amiss.

My father and grandfather were ministers, the last being Prebend of Ely Cathedral; near that Cambridge in whose university were schooled Mr. Jefferay, Mr. Williams and Mr. Blackstone, so well esteemed throughout your colony. But although my first youth was passed in England, I was still young while I tarried in Leyden; gaining there a knowledge of the Dutch tongue, that hath since advantaged me in my trading, and in some service at Manhattan. I came to New England by the ship Lion in 1632, and the next year was made a freeman of Plymouth Colony. Some years later I was upon trading at the Kennebec, of which more anon and still later was appointed Mayor of New York, being the first English one.

So much for the general course of my life, to show something of its travel, (and travail too shall appear) bringing me now to the time you know of, when I built at Swanzey, upon your borders; a happy haven which shall be my last. Not to tax your patience farther, I will enter now upon the particular relation that you have awaited my telling.

It is of what befell me in a voyage to the

Kennebec, one of many, but this not so well known about in general, there being some folly in it that I have covered hitherto.

My estate had already so grown, by good fortune (with some skill mayhap in trading voyages), that I needed no addition to my store, yet thought to venture once again.

There was indeed much of chancing in this business, at best, for what with the treachery of Indians (tho' not all so), dangers of sea, and furs not always plentiful (besides uncertainty as to good market for them), 'twere not sure what the final accounting might be.

Nevertheless being determined on one more trial, I made all ready and started forth on my last voyage to the Kennebec, in my own ketch, well found and manned. The wind favoring, we fetched into the mouth of that great river in less time than I had e'er before made.

Beaver was what we chiefly sought, but these skins we found scarce, and what we came upon not so good as desired; for it hath ever been my rule to get the best possible, believing well in that old saying "good choosing saveth losing."

After much time spent in visiting all the places I could bethink me of where skins might be had (either by barter with Indians or our own hunting), I had nigh despaired of finding any worth the taking.

One evening, as we lay at anchor in a bend of the river, I had come upon the deck for a last look that all were well, before going to my bunk; then, pausing a moment, thought how these same stars shone upon my loved ones at home, and hoped I might not return so empty-handed to them as it feared me I should.

I was now turning to go below, when I heard the noise of paddle approaching, and soon was hailed by an old Indian well known to me in former barterings. He had no beaver with him, and said he would try for none, because the Great Spirit was angry at such slaughter as had been made in seasons gone. A year must pass before any hunted.

When I pressed him for a method by which I might load my vessel, he would not allow he knew of any, until finally (finding me determined to stay the season out) he did admit there was one speedy and sure way. This could only be, however, by selling my soul to the Spirit of Evil; at which word he fell into such a trembling that I thought he might lose what few teeth were left him.

Now as I believed not over much in our English spirits (as having any power to work evil) there seemed little to fear from this Indian one; so I quickly asked where these skins might be found.

The old Indian (on much persuading) at last gave me a course to steer for them, but prayed that I should not follow it, as leading but to destruction.

I marked carefully down his ranges (so not to miss my way upon the morrow) and heard what else he had to tell; something as to a pile of beaver skins ready every morning, thus my vessel quickly filled, whereupon she should be caught in a great whirlpool and carried down to home of Evil Spirit.

Being sleepy by this time I paid not much heed to the last of it, but before parting with the old Indian, told him to pick out anything from my store of goods that might suit his fancy; thinking to pleasure him the most by that way of thanks. To my amazement he refused (tho' I ne'er knew Indian before lose so good a chance) and left in much sadness that he could not prevail on me to sail homewards without the beaver.

On the morrow we made sail right early, and by noon were well abreast of that place the Indian had given such clear guidance to; having carried a good wind all the way. Here we anchored, and then started at once in our boat, for the shore. I steered her as directed, in a narrow channel between some high growing reeds and rushes, leaving the main river soon; and when we had passed

betwixt two great hemlocks on banks of this smaller stream, stopped short just beyond them to make landing for further search.

A narrow path led through a tangle of brambles, and arrived to a little square within, we found in truth a pile of beaver skins that might not have their match for beauty anywhere!

When some recovered from our marveling we hastened to fill the boat, and made enough trips ere nightfall to finish the whole pile; all safely within my vessel.

The next morning my crew were some puzzled that I should start them forth again, but on arriving within the thicket (tho' I, too, doubted some) verily a pile was there, much as before.

Seeing much wonderment in the faces of my men, I told them it mattered naught to us if some would work at night, for we did profit by it in finding all ready in the morning.

And here I found myself beginning to use some quibbles of deceit upon my crew in explaining, or seeming to, of the matter; with worse following, as to payment, which I said should be at Plymouth—as far from the truth as we from that place.

I had been esteemed always as more than passing honest, with a hope that I deserved

it, for I did take special pride in ever keeping true my word. There was like now to be a humbling of this pride (which hath been so well said to go before a fall); for from the time I first came upon that accursed store of beaver, an evil spirit indeed seemed to possess me—whether the Indian's or some other, I know not.

Tho' still marveling, my men toiled on through the days (seven in all) needful to finish our lading; yet it made much discontent, when I forced them to work upon the Sabbath, and was only accomplished by threats and promises of share in gains. This again shows the spirit that had possession of me, to so change my nature and custom as to urge Sabbath breaking.

At length all was finished, the last skin aboard, hatches secured, and vessel ready for homeward voyage; with such a cargo of beaver as Plymouth had never seen.

I was upon ordering sail made and anchor up, when espying a black cloud coming quickly toward us, with a freshening of wind, I awaited the issue.

Nor was it for long, as indeed I ne'er saw heavens so soon o'ercast, nor ever of such inky blackness; but before I had fairly noted this there came a sheet of flame with so loud a crash that it might well be thought the last day had come and wrath

with it. I do believe the ketch was fairly rent in twain, for tho' partly stunned, I knew that I was going down into the sea between the two sides of her.

There was little hope I should come to the top again, for though a strong swimmer, I was held down by such swirling and eddying that my struggle availed not at first. When finally freed from that which held me (I know not whether spirit of evil or other sprite), I came to the air and light near choking; so that no power was in me at first to look around for men or vessel.

When recovered enough to gaze about me I found ketch, cargo, and worst of all, my poor crew, disappeared forever; only the boat remaining; wherein I soon clambered, thanking God for such help left from the wreck as might yet save me.

The boat had been fastened to us by a rope (which flash of lightning must have severed), and was well found in sails and oars, with store of food also; having an intention to do some hunting (ere we left the river's mouth) to gain a supply of fresh meat for our voyage homeward.

Stepping now the mast, I made sail on her and ran off before a good fair wind; not turning my face once toward the horrid spot which had so near proved my ruin. No thought did I give to loss of vessel and

freight, but for the fate of men I blamed myself much, and grieved most sorely.

Should I by God's help 'scape new perils and arrive safe home, there was a resolve within me never to return eastward again, as indeed I never did.

My spirits rose somewhat with the lively movement of the boat, and a thought which now came to me that as I was well provisioned it might happen I should arrive finally to some settlement adown the coast. I should have reached even to some measure of happiness, in escape from that evil spirit's thrall, but for thinking of my crew.

Here I took a little comfort, however, when I bethought me that they were men chanced upon, just before sailing, having come from off a wrecked ship; and so not Plymouth men with families (as indeed they had none they could call such).

By this time I was come into a better heart (as you have seen) than when my lading was adoing; and surely I must have been beside myself then to have so changed my nature in all things.

My right course was now plain, to leave all this evil behind, and manfully fight through the perils to come; which tho' dire ones enough perchance, yet might be encountered by natural means.

I sailed late into the night, not wishing to lose aught of the favoring breeze; and brought up at last in a little cove, where was good shelter, anchoring a cable length from shore.

The second day the wind still held to favor me, and tho' I had given up hope of meeting other traders (all now gone, as useless to linger in barren hope), yet it might chance a fisherman would be sighted.

No such vessel was seen, and the second night found me snug behind a little island, but none too soon, as it came on to blow just after, holding for near a week.

After I had moored my boat, it seemed wise to rig some shelter ashore; so carrying my sail and part of the food, a little back from the landing place, I gained good cover under some sheltering of a rock.

Here, with aid of sail, I kept out of the fury and drive of the gale, until it brake; both dry and warm, with help of fire.

As my store of food was now nigh exhausted, I decided on making a run of it for Casco Bay, where was some housing at least, with a chance of a vessel bound for Boston or Plymouth.

So filling my water cask, I sailed fairly out upon the ocean, not deeming likely another storm might so soon arise as to o'ertake me.

By the help of God I reached Casco safely, and in such good fortune as to find a vessel just upon sailing for Plymouth, whose master readily gave me passage thence.

Upon arrival at my home there was some inquiry for vessel, cargo and crew, tho' as the venture had been mine alone, there was not so close questioning as partners would surely make.

Another matter that barred queries for the present, was arrival of a ship from England; making great bustle in passing of news and unlading cargo; with some meeting of old friends, too.

It thus happened that I escaped better than I could have hoped from telling of what befell; and going soon on some business to Manhattan, ere I returned my mishap was crowded from the minds of most (being indeed known in a general manner only).

This is the first clear relation I have e'er made of it; never before having given this inner history of my lading.

One thing I learned from this bitter experience; to be ever careful of taking something and giving nothing in exchange. Such may well prove the costliest kind of gift, as you have seen in my own case.

The old Indian's advice, if taken, would

have saved some lives and my own peace of mind, to say naught of a fine vessel's loss.

Should you inquire whether it might truly have been a Spirit of Evil who nightly brought the beaver, and finally wrecked me in such awful manner; I can only reply that within man much evil is engendered when once he setteth his mind upon following a short path to wealth. It were much wiser to keep in the old ways (well proved as good) even when toilsome and slow of travel.

I know not if other evil spirit than this possessed me; but whether come by naturally or in a spirit way, never before had I such wicked inclinings.

As to the skins, ever ready for lading, I have not yet hit upon a way in nature to explain it. Their quantity and fineness was such that I know not where man could ever find the like; and I have long desired to bring this matter before those with more wisdom to unravel than I find within myself. Should this never happen then it still remaineth, a strange lading at the Kennebec.

Mr. Blackstone's Tale.

THREE GHOSTLY APPEARINGS AT STUDY HILL.

Let none think because I shall tell of ghostly appearings, that I would declare them ghosts in verity; for I count myself less credulous than most. I would find sound and weighty reasons for all unusual happenings, believing most may be finally come at. So you shall see that some of the appearings which seemed only spirit, proved on close study to be earthly, and what still remain without reason your greater wisdom may unravel; thus giving great content to me, as something confounded and perturbed therein.

My placing at Study Hill is so remote from neighbors, that many esteem it lonely; but I deem it not so, tho' having 'tis true much quiet for nice observance, which perchance hath sharpened my looking into little things, or those in general called small.

I have studied upon these spirit matters too, in my store of books (than which none better hereabout) and while I tend my garden and orchard I ponder on what I have seen and read.

Although my dwelling is in Plymouth

bounds, yet so upon the edge of it that my friends from the plantation at Providence may reach me with as much ease as those of Rehoboth; and some of the Bay (who still are my friends) do call, upon occasion, tho' not so easy come by.

I have Indian callers oft-time (and good friends among these) wherefrom I learn much that their special training makes them wiser in than our English. If I go not forth much from home (except to Narragansett, upon Mr. Smith's desire that I should preach the word there) yet I lack not visitors as I have shown you, and these bring the world's news to my smaller world. So much in general, but in particular I would name Mr. Newman, minister at Rehoboth, and Mr. Williams of Providence, with both of whom I have had rare good converse. Mr. Newman hath died since the time I specially write of, but Mr. Williams still comes to me, and of late I had a much valued visit from Mr. Jefferay (who may read this to you of the Seven Club).

So, though retired, you may not hereafter think of me as lonely, nor without some company at seasons, which is sufficient answer to those who have said that my lonely state had oped my mind the more to ghostly imaginings.

My chief delight is in my books and

trees; and regarding these last how to get the choicest fruit therefrom. When I come upon a new and better kind I am ever giving out slips to those desiring such cuttings to graft upon their sourer stock.

I have some reputation in my fruit and a pride that I hoped to be pardoned in, if I continue to give freely of these grafts. But much as I would like to dwell on this, I must leave it for my ghosts.

I believe it is at about dusk that I have most thought of spirit comings, as whether any spark of truth might lie in the flares so many have lighted on this matter. It happeneth that two of my appearings have to do with fire, which shall soon be seen, as I close upon the tale.

But first as to the leading up to it, with fair foundation, ere I build my story. You must know, at the commencement, that my house standeth on a little hill, or mound, rising from the banks of that river which some do call by my name.

Now in front of this house I was standing just at that time of dusk I spake of, with my eyes resting on a fair prospect, but my mind away from it, though not upon spirits then.

I was trying to rid myself of some bitterness in the remembrance of censures and hardnesses put upon me by the bishops, ere

I left England, because their ways had seemed too narrow and strait for me to walk in (tho' not narrow in that best scripture way). Nor did I like much better the way that some would have us walk at the Bay; so I bethought me that as I left there also for more liberty, and found it with peace, here, 'twere well that now all bitterness of spirit should be forgot. Whereupon this feeling of peace at home set me to looking about more ere I went in, which I must soon do as something weary, at the end of a long June day.

In this last observing before I turned to my door, I was some startled by a sudden flaming up of fire, yet not like burning brush; spreading and playing differently and climbing not so high as that.

I was soon on deciding to know more of such a strange light, so acquainting my wife (who would have stayed me, but I assured her of care to my steps) I quickly set forth, making a course into that part of the woods which appeared nearest the flame.

Being fairly dusk in the open space about my house, I found it blacker yet in the woods, the path soon leading me into some depression where I could not see the fire at all. When, on rising again, I had it once more in view, I could not perceive that I was any nearer, and after many windings forth

through stony ways (where I near tumbled my length at times) yet there was no visible gain made toward the light.

Arrived now upon some soft mire, I would fain have been glad for those stones to step on, for I stuck so fast at times that I feared my prisoning might last the night. But the light now brightening again, as nearer at last, showed me a better way through; and ere long I reached the banks of a little pond that was all aflame, though water hath no quality to burn as I had ever been taught.

To see such burning did indeed much amaze me, and if some beauty in it, yet so unearthly, and the air so dank and chill that I was more dispirited than pleasured. Still I marked well what I did see and had waited longer, only that a most doleful cry close at my back caused me to turn (in some shaking at that or the cold I was in) to find cause for such wail; when on a sudden the fire went out and I was left to get myself out, too, if possible in that darkness, still blacker now from the late flaming.

How I ever got me through that mire I know not, for when viewed by daylight it seemed no less than a miracle that I had 'scaped all those holes, or quagmires as called, wherein to fall would have been sure death.

Thankful indeed was I at safe coming

from such dire peril, wherein it seemed I had been lead by false lights, with that cry of Evil Spirit at last to confound my understanding.

After I had got me home and something cleaned, I would not rest till I had searched my books for some matching of circumstance in water's burning. At last I found a kind of reason for such appearing, which the old writer said might be from a bubbling upward of gas, so called, that hath a burning quality if a spark be rightly struck upon it. But I have queried much who struck the spark, and whence that doleful cry, and why all so nicely circumstanced for my destruction? Some say the cry was from a loon, but I thought it not his note, nor any other that e'er I heard before. However these things may be, I will rest someways content (tho' not so cleared as likes me best) that all were due to causes natural, and nothing of spirit in them.

Now am I come to the second appearing, which as you shall see will have fire in it also, and did happen in this wise.

I had been a toilsome day's journey to visit a wonder (as generally esteemed by the few who e'er saw it) called Cobbling Rock, some half score of miles northerly from my home. And here I would pray your patience while I give some description of that which so few have seen.

I know not whether I could have come upon it but for an Indian lad in part guiding me there, through a devious path, now in the woods, and anon by river's bank. When suddenly seen before me, as hardly expecting, I found indeed much to marvel at, in the rock itself and its placing.

It is upon a rising ground (thick wooded all about) whereon is found a sort of tabled rock, low lying; with balanced upon it a great bowlder, as if rolled there in giant's play, and by some chance stopped from further moving. A gentle push might start it afresh, as seemed, but a hard one of us both started it not, tho' the lad thought it did move a little, which I deem, however, but his fancy. He told me that the ancient men of his tribe say that in distant ages, two great chieftains of the spirit world, warring with each other, one threw this great rock along the ground (as we do bowls) and after crashing through miles of forest, here it balanced so strangely at last.

Whether there be aught of truth in such spirit work or not, it remains a wonder worth the seeing, that a rock the bigness of some houses, should poise upon its end so nicely that one might deem a wind would topple it over.

When my amazement was satisfied at this, we sat us down (but not too near the

path it might roll) and rested a space, with some refreshment, and then started on our return.

It was dark and growing darker ere we neared Scott's pond (as since called by some) where now our paths divided. Here I was upon bidding the Indian lad good night, when he fell into a trembling and pointed out to me a dancing light near the ground and toward that pond I spake of. On my starting forward that way, to know it better, he begged me to turn my steps from it, else might I be lured to my death as others hap had been.

When he found I would not be prevented, he sadly left me, speeding another way, and I followed slowly the false light, as deemed by him. Yet it seemed a prankish, sportive light, sometimes upon the ground, then climbing a little, hiding at times, and anon dancing forth again, as making merry at my chase.

I gained not much upon it at the first, as it gambolled about, leading in a crooked course, but at last it perched upon a little tree just out of reach above me, and then I sat awhile for rest, and to examine so well as I could into its substance, whether really of fire or not.

I was beginning to have an idea of its size, and admiring the brightness of it, when all

became black about me; my beacon had disappeared!

New amazement was mine, when turning, at sound of a lapping near me, I found all around was naught but water!

My first thought was to jump into the waves (now making from some breeze) and swim to the shore, for I was in a kind of terror at this voyage of land through water to perchance some dreadful death, if the lad's tale was true. Yet bethinking now of icy springs that might cramp me, I stayed for other chancing of help to bring me forth.

This second thought I believe did save my life, for those poor souls who had been lost no doubt had jumped on that first mad desire for freedom, when the light left them to a black voyaging on this floating island.

Your wisdom hath already seen that it was indeed upon such an island I was sailing, and that ere long (as pressed forward by the wind) I made safe port upon the other shore; but I had as yet heard no report of this marvel, being newly come to Study Hill. Trust me I waited not to see whether eerie crew did moor my bark, but made speedy landing, and quickly got me home.

Now there is wonder enough in an island that shall float and make voyagings, but the light which lured me to it, and near wrecked

my life by sudden leaving, was greater marvel yet.

Upon searching afresh in my books, however, I did get therefrom some account of Will-o-the-Wisps, so called, which this was, mayhap; as also gaseous like the first, but of different quality 'tis certain. The year of which I write was notable for many strange lightings; as never before was known such a number of rainbows (both of sun and moon) with many too of those northern lights, while for quantity and brightness in phosphorus lighting-up of the sea I never saw match. When to these things be added a host of dropping stars that year, it were possible that both the lights that so mocked me were engendered and drew their quality from the air and sea, full to overflowing with brightness. So, wishing to do fairly, I will e'en count both my lights natural ones, howbeit I follow such no more and would advise others not. Some have told me there was a double warning in what I have seen, and that fire may yet visit my home; but as to this I borrow no trouble.

And now to the last appearing, which (having now done with fire) I hope may pleasure you more than the others, tho' harder to find natural reason for.

It was dusk, as before, and while I sat by the door of a summer eve, I had

thought much of my Cambridge days, with a remembrance at the end of old Dr. Caius, and the curious gates placed by him, at the college of his name, whereof he was master. He called these the gates of Humility, Virtue and Honour, and they long shall live, monuments to the wise and good builder.

The moon was darkened as I pondered this last matter, and on parting of some clouds shone forth now in her beauty again ; when I saw under this new flood of light, a tall figure standing by the river's bank. Even at that distance there was a dignity in his bearing that I could not but perceive, and noting his dress also, which was a kind of loose robe, I saw that he caught it up a little, as he turned and slowly came toward my house.

I wondered much to see a stranger, and such an one, approaching at this hour to my poor retired spot at Study Hill; but, as he came nearer, I arose and bade him welcome, with an offer of some refreshment. This he gravely declined, thanking me with stately courtesy, nor could I prevail on him to be seated; so joining him in a slow walk, we paced backward and forward in the path that maketh in front of my house.

"When you were in Cambridge," quoth my visitor, "did you pass through those gates of mine at Caius, the ones called Humility, Virtue and Honour?"

At these words I shivered as from cold, for I was enlightened on a sudden that this grave man was none other than Doctor Caius, or rather that it was his spirit who thus walked and talked with me.

He turned to me, on this question, with so kindly a look (yet a little of sadness in it) that I recovered my spirits in time to answer soon that I knew the gates well. I told him, moreover, that his conceit of the gates, liked me much, in thus symbolizing such virtues, esteeming it a most useful lesson.

The low gate (that first and meaner one) did put the youth upon some knowledge of his own lowliness, as all too oft entering with little store of humility.

So was it wise to study a course afterward leading through no other gate than virtue, until that final passing to a degree through that last gate of honour.

He heard me as if well pleased, and then with a sigh (from some remembrance I ween) spake again. "The gates cost me much study in the planning, and no small sum in their building, but I am well content in them; and my chief delight is to walk through those gateways in the quiet hours of the night, when my youths are asleep. I love all Cambridge-bred men, whether of my particular college or thine of Emanuel,

or any other belonging to the ancient university; and I am well pleased to see thee placed in so sweet a retiracy for study of nature and books. I am much drawn to thee and this reposeful spot, but time presses, and duty now calls me far away; wherefore I must follow that call, for so I ever taught my lads that they must do. I came to see if thou hadst chosen as wisely as reported to me, and leave thee content in that."

His manner was so noble and kindly, with a gentle dignity back of it, and his words came with such sweetness and truth, that I almost held my breath to listen, and fearing to lose him from a little fading of his form at the last of his speaking, I was on begging him to stay, when lo! he was gone. This grieved me much both for sorrow at parting from so kindly a ghost, and because of a question or two I had thought to ask him; howbeit I had refrained, as knowing that ghosts in general better like to talk than to be talked to by us mortals.

Though I soon betook me to bed, it was long ere I gained any sleep for thinking of my visitor, of what he said and how he looked.

In the morning I told all to my wife, and though she marvelled some at what I said, yet questioned me close whether it might

not have been a dream, as I sat by the door in peaceful slumber. But you will see that this could not well be, with such nice matching of circumstance, and I would have your good counsel, as to this happening, what it might mean. It is the only one of the three appearings that I can find no natural cause for, so am I the more desirous for a better understanding of it. The fires I have satisfied you on, I trust, but not this last happening.

NOTE.—Although Mr. Blackstone was spared loss by fire during his life, yet, strangely enough, very soon thereafter his house was burned (at the outbreak of the Indian war) as if in tardy fulfilment of what some had prophesied as a result of his double warning.

Doctor Cranston's Tale.

A MARVELOUS CURE AT NEWPORT.

It doth ever happen that a physician sees many strange things if his practice holdeth to as many years as mine hath grown. When the body wasteth, the mind oft engenders humours and conceits that would find no lodgment there in health. It were wrong to take speech or behaviour then as an ensample of health, and worse still for physician to make known abroad; a folly greater than the sick man's imaginings.

So, rest assured, I shall o'erstep no bound of discretion, in naming any, or telling aught that should offend. You know my reputation as a bar to this, and have seen the public evidence of esteem in my skill, when I was licensed to administer medicine and recorded as Doctor of Physick. Now, having good assurance that naught herein shall ill affect any, you may hear how one who came for benefit of my skill fared therein, and how I fared by him.

I had returned late one evening from a long ride up the island, well tired, being not yet hardened to such service, for it was in the first year of my practice. I pulled off

my boots (changing to easier gear to rest my feet) then pushed together the embers of the fire to warm myself ere betaking me to bed, and leaned back in my chair with a beginning of some comfort, when I heard a thumping upon the outer door.

I paid no heed to this at the first, for any who saw my light would soon enough enter if on urgent errand, and I desired not to go forth from my content within except on real need ; as the bringing in of a new life, or making easy the passage out for one whose case was beyond my help.

I went on, therefore, casting up in my mind what money might come to me from this hard day's work with those who were sick, and others who thought themselves so; not forgetting a good allowance for bad pay, many accounts (as doctors well know) a loss in themselves and but waste of paper and ink to try for their collecting.

I was reaching a nice point upon this summing up (from the bleeding of one whose full habit needed relief, another's black draught, a lotion for an old dame's rheumy bones, besides oil, garlic, and ointments for lesser bruises, colic, etc.)—when again came the knocking, and harder, as with a stick; upon which with some vexation at such rude interruption upon my comfort, I shouted loudly to enter. This

the knocker did without further invitation, and I heard heavy slow steps advancing through the passage towards my room, with a sound as if the stick was used to help his progress.

Anon appeared a grave looking man, of middle life and stature, using a crutch to aid his steps, and with one leg lifted from the ground; some pain also showing in his face as I helped him to a seat.

Inquiring now as to his hurt, he motioned toward his left leg, which, on removal of some bandaging, I saw was so broke below the knee that it must be speedily lopped off. This he also seemed to know, for he now addressed me thus: "I would have thee speedy in thy cutting, for it groweth late, and my time is short, being needful for other matters; so bring forth thy tools and while thou art at work on my poor leg, I will regale myself with a pinch of snuff from this box, none handsomer to be seen."

I did not then observe his snuff box, but got to my work at once, and finished as soon as might be; not a sound coming from my patient, except his sneezing, as indeed I some, from the snuff in the air about me.

When I had made a finish, and stood back in some satisfaction at the work (being in verity my first taking off a limb unaided by older physician), the visitor again spake:

"Now if thou wilt treat the other part of my leg as well, I will e'en carry it away for further use."

This speech did much amaze me, till the thought came that his pain and keeping under any show of it had touched his head; and to humour him I prepared his late member as if alive.

When all was done, he gazed on it with great content awhile, and then said, "As to pay, most skillful doctor, I will return this day a year hence, at same hour (being just upon twelve) and give thee thy due twice over, save for one thing, which if it so happen, I shall quittance have from paying anything."

He paused here a moment to take a fresh pinch of snuff, and then proceeded: "The one thing that shall bar thy receiving any pay, is good proof of a sound joining of the two parts of this leg. If this proof be made 'tis my acquittance, but failing therein, I must pay thee double fee for thy services. As pledge of my good faith I leave this golden snuff box of most curious workmanship, the calling for which shall be evidence that it is thy patient who demands it. Notice too this odd-fashioned mole on the piece of leg just treated, a mark to recall me with when next we meet. Now must I get me to my boat, lying close by at end of

street, and when arrived at the ship will seek my cabin for a few days' rest till these parts of my leg do join ; so fare thee well till our next meeting."

If amazed at this speech, I was the more so now to see him moving away with the piece of leg under one arm, and crutch under the other; out through the passage and into the street even, before I could recover myself. Coming out of this marveling, I started up to put on my boots, that I might follow the poor demented creature lest he should do himself some serious hurt; but here an accident befell that stayed me till too late.

As my patient went forth, he had placed in my hand the snuff box, which I was now for putting on the mantel shelf, when, by some chance I hit the spring, and forth flew the snuff in such a cloud that eyes and nose were filled to smarting, and for some space I could not see my boots, much less draw them on.

When at last recovered in a measure from my sneezing, coughing and weeping, I hurried out, and followed the short pathway to the water-side, but found no boat, though I thought a distant sound of oars could be heard.

Upon my return to the house, I placed the snuff box carefully away from sight and

use, for I wished not to try its contents further.

It was long ere I could summon sleep to rest my still smarting eyes, and my aching head, filled with thoughts of the strangeness of my visit and visitor. On the morrow I tried to make all but a dream, yet there was the snuff box, proving that what I had seen was no vision.

And now as the time approached toward the end of that year's space of which my patient spake, I pondered much whether indeed I should see him again, scarce believing it possible. If demented, surely I should ne'er see him more, and if in reason, certes it were impossible he could make good his word of such miracle—joining of leg's parts; so the snuff box seemed like to be my only pay.

Toward the close of the time, too much dwelling upon this matter did some affect my health and spirits, and I have since heard complaint that my attention was less close upon my work, answers made at random, and medicines given that griped where they should have soothed.

A bill or two I made acquittance of tho' still unpaid, and sent in other accounts that had already been discharged, to my great discomfort on finding such medley made.

I roused me from this unsettled way of

thought and action in time to save my practice, having learned a good lesson from it, which I will pass on to younger doctors' profit, if any perchance need it. Physicians, of all men, must keep their minds on their work as the old saying hath it; this is what I learned and would have others know.

They have to do with that God-given life (more precious to Him than to us even, who so prize it) and like the good steward of holy writ must be faithful in small things as well as great.

The physician must be also vigilant, quick to see and act (upon good judgment) and vastly patient, knowing no defeat till the poor body he has ministered to, be returned to dust, the soul to its maker.

Now he cannot be all these with a mind upon drinking, gaming, or dreaming even (as I had done) or indeed upon anything that shall create disturbance in the thoughts. True, have I seen great cures by men who did all these things, being by nature most expert, and setting bounds upon their license at times, to work great good, but these may be uncertain if not dangerous counsellors.

So let younger physicians in especial remember that while there is a time for merriment, pleasures rightly come by, and dreamings even; yet must these not bar nor hinder the way towards the least (as we

call) of those children of God, to whom ministrations are needful.

If now besides a natural calling and the hard study to skill you, there shall be the close attention I have warned you of, I see no reason why you of the younger sort may not reach to the estate of some of us elder ones. There is one thing more I would have you possess (but that is as God willeth, for I know not how come by if nature give nothing of it); some grains of common sense, seasoned with a little dry humour. This will help you through many hard places, and serve you as well as your learning, many times.

True it is that some physicians hold themselves with much gravity and solemnity, as necessary to the dignity of their profession, and if there be no pompous affectation in it, there is not much harm; yet 'twere well to carry it more naturally (not to do worse, however, by tiring a patient with idle chatter or ill-timed mirth). A steady cheerfulness were best of all, back of which lieth oft the humour I spake of.

But to come back to my story; the day at last arrived and nigh upon that hour when the marvel, if ever, should come to pass.

I sat, as before, in my accustomed place by the fire, and I do confess in a little un-

easiness, while the clock was slowly striking the hour of midnight ; for I could feel that my heart beat faster time, as I strained mine ear at sound of footsteps faintly heard or fancied, on the frozen ground near my house. Fancy it was not, for there was a pause now, and then a thump upon the outer door, which so startled me (tho' some prepared) that I jumped from my chair.

Vexed at my own disquiet, I called loudly to enter, following which came a sound like to that before, of steps and stick; so that my conclusion was quickly made of no joining of limb, else why the use of crutch?

I was now angered some to have thought such thing possible, and more that he should have dared to put such folly before me for my sober belief; and was ready to rebuke him for such trifling, when there stood before me the same man indeed, his crutch with him, but not in use, for handing to me and bowing low, he thus spake: "Greeting, kind friend, and take, I pray thee, this now useless crutch, for my leg is so happily joined that I do believe it sounder than its mate!"

Seeing me marvel at this, he quickly removed leggings and hose, and showed his leg (mole mark and all) as neatly joined as might be, with a little band about the

place. He capered about now in such curvetings and jumpings, to show its usefulness, that I was nigh dizzy and begged him to be seated, and tell me how this wonder came about.

I gained not much, save that he lay quiet in his berth a month, by which time it had knit together well; and he then commenced careful use, following soon with no more care than was given to the other leg.

He stoutly averred that it was mine own skill in fitting each member (doubtful as I had been of any joining) that did bring the wonder about when he placed the parts together.

"If thou canst as well practice in all branches of thy profession," quoth he, "thou might well betake thyself to London, where many could advantage of thy skill, and thyself gain much profit. Rest assured that I shall publish afar thy skill, and ever be glad to show in myself the evidence of it.

"Tho' thou mayest not take gold from me by our contract, yet, as showing myself not ungrateful, I pray thee to keep this snuff box, so cunningly inwrought. It may not only serve as some remembrance of me, but perchance as proof to any unbelieving soul, that so wonderful a cure was made. It was fashioned by a most skillful goldsmith, long years since, across the seas, and

hath some magic qualities if they be come upon. Take good note of the workmanship, and then of its double opening, for touch but the right spring, and the back opens, thus, with mine own miniature painted on ivory; and again closing that, turn the box to touch another spring, if thou wouldst have snuff yielded forth. Now fare thee well, for time presses and I must away; keep well this box, and the crutch too I leave with thee."

The last of this came to me something mistily, for upon his word about the snuff yielding forth on touch of spring, it scattered so bountifully that eyes, nose and mouth were filled as once before, and for sneezing, weeping and coughing I could not have thanked him if I had tried, nor bent much on trying by reason of the pain I was in. I have ever since been most careful in handling of this magic box, tho' little snuff remaineth; and that little should have emptied but for the thought that part of the magic might lie in the snuff itself. It is indeed of a most pungent kind, as any may find to their cost if they will try its quality.

Upon the morrow I made wide inquiry for a ship seen entering or leaving port, but heard of none, so this coming and going, like the first, must have been in the night;

a special business to gain my services, and afterward to thank me.

My friends have differed much in their opinions upon this great cure. A few have deemed it impossible; going so far away for reason as the supposal of a twin brother sent the second time to work a deceit on me, with mole, too!

Others did say I should have loosed that little band about the joined place and looked for contrivance of hooks or bracings—yet the flesh of that lower part was in as good health as the rest of the leg.

One indeed did say all was but an invention of mine own to puff up my practice, with crutch and snuff box secretly procured for so poor a purpose. This one bore an ancient grudge against me, however, of which becoming disabused finally, he did repent him of his story, and agreed it was mere spleen and envy made him spread it forth.

So it would seem indeed that this matter must rest as none other than a marvelous cure, until better unraveling be found; yet I will promise no more such, tho' I hope in most things as skilled as any.

I have oft since thought of my grave-appearing caller, and in particular of that first visit; how calmly he moved away with crutch under one arm and his piece of leg

under the other, leaving me so choking and sneezing with his snuff that I had no power to stay him, nor voice to dissent from his contract. The magic box I still treasure carefully, and have showed to many who have heard something of it.

This account I have now writ out is the fullest I have e'er made of a matter that hath caused inquiry in letters to me from far and near, so wide hath my patient spread the tale of his marvelous cure, and my skill therein.

Mr. Baulstone's Tale.

THE FIRST CALLER TO MINE INN AT PORTSMOUTH.

It hath been my good fortune, of late, to read some tales that were, upon occasion, related at the Seven Club, as called; and so much have I pleasured in them, that it hath stirred me to put into writing some recollections of mine ere I do forget them. If this shall be deemed worthy of the reading, I pray Mr. Jefferay so to do at his club, and if the tale limpeth hardly in parts, from my clumsiness in putting together, yet I would fain hope there may be a kernel to please you in some corner of it.

But I would indeed rather wait upon guests at mine inn from dawn to dusk than put my hand to pen for an hour's space. Mr. Jefferay and others of the club have been wont to praise my claret, and I have some content in believing that I am a passing good host; but for this business of scribe it tasks me sore to do e'en fairly well in it. With less excuse I could not commence, and now without more ado, to my tale.

It was May the twentieth, in the year 1638, that I was granted liberty to set up my house of entertainment for strangers;

and ere many days I was ready for such custom as might come, having hung my sign in a perspicuous place, as desired by those in authority.

It was nigh dusk, and as I sat by the doorway, resting, after a day of much toil, my mind ran upon many things.

I bethought me of that fair home across the seas, which I had left but a few years aback, with a hope for more freedom in religion on reaching New England than I had left in Old.

Then came remembrance of my sorrow (bitter indeed), at the worse hardships suffered in the Massachusetts by many of us; fines, disfranchisement, and discharge from public offices, because of our expressed belief in Mr. Wheelright's innocence, and that the court had condemned the truth of Christ. Next came thoughts of our happy arrival at this dear isle of Aquidneck, where if the labour be at first hard, yet is there peace with it, from a liberty of conscience elsewhere denied.

After contenting myself that some planting had been secured, and housing, if rude, accomplished; I last of all fell to pondering on who should be my first customer.

I was debating, upon this, whether I should give free entertainment of drink to this first comer, in respect he was such (tho'

no merit perchance in that); when a voice at my elbow, as if one had read my thoughts, did thus salute me. "The first one greeted hath indeed good warrant for bed, board and drink, as thou well sayest."

Now I had not said nor thought thus far, yet was a little confounded at the suddenness of this speech, as supposing none near me.

More wonderment followed, when, turning, before I gave answer, I saw, seated close beside me, a man whom mine eyes had ne'er before rested upon.

I had no thought that my first caller would be other than some one of our own company, for it was early yet in our settlement for any chance guest from the main.

The stranger was so oddly fashioned in face and form, that I can liken him only to the one Mr. Jefferay and Mr. Clarke have told you of, who had that ring in his left ear only, as did this man indeed, with other markings the same as you have beforetime heard.

When I was some recovered from my wonder, I was upon answering him, with a thought to lessen his too large interpreting of my welcome, when he again spake. "Thou makest me so welcome that I will not be outdone in courtesy. I pray thee therefore that I may settle all score of any

who shall this evening make merry at the opening of thine inn.

It shall be a housewarming indeed, for all thy friends will surely come to enjoy thy good cheer.

Make them welcome, with no thought of pay, for I will settle their score. But if thou hast any doubt of me, I will e'en pay thee now, having in this bag enough good pieces of gold to satisfy many such accounts.

Listen to the music of its clinking, and now try how heavy it may be, as truly the carrying of such weight hath, with my long travel, much wearied me, so that I fain would rest. Bid thy boy therefore carry the bag to my room, where I must soon follow for the repose I so much need."

Upon his ending this talk, I was so well satisfied of his solid worth, that taking then the bag (which was both heavy and sweetly clinking) I called my boy and bade him carry it to the best chamber; with message to my wife to give us as quickly as might be, the best supper possible, for our guest could have known only the daintiest fare, to be so rich in gold.

"I must beg a little from thy store of tobacco," quoth my visitor, "and then I will answer thy question of my travels."

It had surely been in my thought to have asked him this, yet certain am I that

no speech had been made by me, for e'en when ready, he seemed to read it in my face, and answered the thought ere I could utter it.

Now, as he puffed forth great clouds of smoke, did he commence again: "I have traveled in this America of yours from the Isles of Shoals to the Carribees, and am lately come from the first, tho' how, thou shalt ne'er guess."

He did here pause a little, but tho' I did try to tell my guessing, yet could I nothing speak; partly I think from marveling at the wide, squat form of him, his hairy brows, and piercing eyes.

"I left the Isles last night at stroke of twelve," but here I started back so sharp and quick (to hear of such dispatch) that my chair toppled over, thumping my head right smartly; at which, thinking I heard a low laugh, I looked up at him before I rose, yet perceived no mirth in my visitor, who proceeded most gravely. "My dispatch came about from my magic boat, now riding at anchor close by yonder shore. She is fashioned from a scale of that grisly and mighty sea serpent that causeth such havoc, to the eastward mostly, but sometimes nearer thy coast. This boat doth have such a hold upon her parent that he cannot refuse to pull me about in her, wherever I will, and

whenever I demand it of him, if I may once get hail of him; not always done with ease, however, as he liketh not the labour, and will avoid me if he can, by keeping outside my call. On yesternight did I espy him off the isles I spake of, too distant perchance he thought for eye or voice to reach him. But my eyes are passing sharp, and my voice tho' sweet and low to women, (who ever delight in my converse) yet can put on so loud a quality, when needful, as reacheth far away.

So, spying him a long way out, under the moonlight's beam, I hailed loudly, and right speedily he came, but with a manner so enraged as would have frighted most to see it. What angered him the more was the finding, on his approach, that I had given passage to a mermaid, the fairest of all those who did once disport themselves about the Isles of Shoals, and the last one, she only 'scaping, the rest crunched into pieces and eaten by this cruel monster, in years gone by. This last one (now safe within my charmed boat) I had promised to bring with me to Aquidneck, as being a safer spot than where she had hitherto been. So, paying out a goodly length of line to the sea serpent, that we might avoid the splashing of his tail, we were soon speeding merrily along; the mermaid's fears of the monster

soon yielding to my gentle assurances of her safety while with me. Now thou, who art quick at reckoning up thy customers' scores, can make easy account of how many movings of this serpent's tail should be needful to bring us to this island, for each time his tail doth move a mile is passed. But in thy account, due allowance make for time of his feeding; once with much relish on an Indian who had ventured out too far in his canoe, and again on a poor fisherman, near Cape Ann. This last grieved me much to see, as indeed I would have stayed him from both feedings had I had the power, and time not so short to reach here; for this sea serpent must have his food if any work be got from him."

As my strange visitor here stayed his voice, I began to feel a restlessness, with the beginning of some fear behind it, yet I much desired to hear the end, so I waited in such patience as I could find in me, having no power to speak, nor wish to try my voice.

"Well, mine good host, there remaineth not much to tell, save that we arrived safely this morning at Newport, where some of your company here go soon to dwell. The water was too shallow for the monster to proceed nearer thee, and so, his work well done, I left him snug-coiled about that Goat Island, as some do call it, fast asleep.

"Advantaging by this, my mermaid passenger (after a tearful farewell, as loath to leave me) did hie her to Cormorant Rock, by my advice; where I trust she will find safety in a hiding place as yet unknown to her pursuer, whose greatest delicacy is mermaids. If good fortune ever favours thee to see her, thou shalt find the most beautiful being thine eye ever rested upon, and with vastly pretty ways. To this, however, thy wife may not agree, for women look not upon mermaids with our eyes.

"So, this parting o'er, I rowed my boat to thy shore, whence I walked here, right tired with so much travel. If it be thy pleasure, I will on the morrow carry thee to see my magic boat, and will e'en now hail that sea serpent with my loudest call, to stay him at Newport till we tie to him for a brief sail. 'Tis true he may have waked and gone hence, but wouldst thou hear the quality of my call?"

Seeing no such desire in me, he said: "Well, if thou hast no wish for my voice farther, I will to bed, early as it is; so make merry with thy friends, some of whom I see are already coming."

And indeed I now perceived the advance of some, by the path leading from the woods, and then I bethought me that my guest had departed without having tasted food or drink.

I therefore charged my boy to go quickly to him and say that great plenty was upon the table, if he would join us ere he slept; but the lad, returning soon, reported no answer to his message, save a snoring sound. Upon this, my wife prayed me to let the poor man sleep, and after good rest he should eat the more when morning came.

Nor did I eat any supper of consequence, for all my long waiting, the relish for it quite departing on hearing of that human diet of the sea monster, and of his crunching those poor mermaids in his jaws. My friends, too, were now coming so thick upon me, that what with greeting and serving them, no time remained for aught else.

As soon as my report of free entertainment was heard, the thirst of all seemed doubled, and when some satisfied in that, a few (grown merrier now upon my good drink) declared this first comer, so bountiful to them, must be brought down that they might thank him. The most prevailed, however, that his rest should not thus rudely be disturbed, many promising to call upon the morrow, that acquaintance might be made of one so courteous.

'Twas late hours we did keep that night mine inn was opened, and early hours indeed ere the last guest departed; for there was much news to be passed about, and plenty

to hear it, as never yet had so many of my neighbors been gathered together.

After latest news had been thus talked upon, some tales must be told, with good songs following by a few of the younger sort, but no revelry; most not desiring it, nor would I e'er give countenance to such, having kept always an orderly house.

Upon a few hearing of the strange visitor's stranger voyage, others must have me tell to them, so that this much telling (with other things I spake of) made small wonder that late hours were kept.

The last bottle of my claret was finally reached, tho' I had thought enough store to last much longer (howbeit some upon coming from Manhattan), and the last good night said, with good luck to my future trade ; so I gladly sought my bed, where I slept long and soundly.

The first thought on awaking was for the welfare of my guest, that greatly prized first caller at mine inn, the bountiful and courteous one. I sent my boy to his door to inquire when it would pleasure him to break his too long fast, my wife having made a goodly setting forth in his honour. The lad returning with word that he got no answer to his call, I followed quickly on this report, fearing our guest in some sickness from much travel and fasting. Long did I

knock, but got no answer, so at last oped the door, when lo! none was within, nor bed slept upon!

Marveling much at this, I looked well about for some trace, if not of him, at least of that bag of gold, but found naught; and was upon leaving, to tell my wife how both had vanished, when mine eye fell upon a piece of paper lying on the table.

Now taking this up, I read as follows:

"Rec'd of mine host, Mr. Baulstone, a rare night's enjoyment (seeing all, yet myself unseen). I say received.

(Signed) THE STRANGE VISITOR."

So angered was I to be thus duped, with that added insolence of an acquittance to me, who should have given one to him, for gold I might now ne'er see; that I was near beside myself for a space.

In truth it was his so befooling me that vexed me even more than my loss, tho' that no small matter, for my company had been great, with thirst to match. I hurried me to the shore to look for his boat, but saw only a speck far to the south, wherefrom came, I thought (borne to me on the breeze) a hail, but could scarce believe it, from the great distance, so it may only have been my fancy.

Returning to mine inn, I was in time to meet some neighbors (coming upon that promised visit to greet my guest), and would

gladly have been spared their questionings, but as that might not be, resolved to e'en put a good face on it, and thus make a bad business end merrily.

Therefore upon question of how my guest rested, and when he could be greeted, I bade them follow me to his room if they would know him better than only upon my report.

Coming there now and seeing none, they looked around in so great perplexity, that I fell to laughing, nor ceased till again inquired of as to my guest's presence or want of it. "Faith," said I, "here is all I found of him this morning!" On which I gave into their hands my acquittance from the strange visitor.

When they had all read, and pondered upon it, some diverse opinions arose. One said he had thought some knavery might lie in the matter of such seeming bounty to strangers, but made no mention before, as knowing my general wisdom and experience of men, gained in my vocation.

Another called it but a jest of mine to make some pleasantry, thus giving a free day to all upon my opening.

A third declared, that being the first of my neighbors to arrive, he did believe me then asleep in my chair, for he twice spake ere I replied.

But none could tell how (if I slept and

dreamed) I should give out orders to others between pieces of my dreaming—albeit none but myself 'tis true did see the stranger, not e'en the lad, for I reached the bag of gold within the door to him.

The greatest bar of all to my dreaming is that acquittance, which is here enclosed for some of your Seven Club to compare with that chart which Mr. Clarke hath told of, as having a mark in one corner like the Evil One's coat armour, the which may match with a strange mark in the acquittance now sent you.

My friends talked on this matter much then, and more after with aquaintances, so that for a month's space I had many callers to mine inn, with inquiry ever for my guest, and what he said and did.

After talking their throats dry, I profited by some added custom, so lost not much in the end, from my strange visitor's coming.

One who sailed close to Cormorant Rock, soon after, declared he saw an appearance like a mermaid, sitting on the edge, and that she raised her hand, whether as beckoning to him, or to comb her hair, he could not well make out. Others do scoff at this, as being none other than a seal he saw, tho' not many have ventured so close to that rock since hearing my tale of "the first caller to mine inn."

Mistress Porter's Tale.

MY HUSBANDS AND OTHER TRIALS.

Should it so chance that this be the last tale sent for reading at the Seven Club, (as women 'tis said will ever have the latest word!) I wish more wit might appear than fears me may be found. If any think I shall make grievous plaint of my husbands (all three alive) they much mistake, for tho' thereby some tried, not always have I been free from blame.

Now that I am a little aging (yet still called comely), many things are clearer seen than formerly, and (tho' the young never will learn save by bitter experience) a little counsel and warning shall I give, if perchance a few may heed.

For a commencing, I would advise young maids ever to avoid all forwardness both of manner and speech; set not heart overmuch on finery (tho' always in neat attire), and beware of smooth and flattering tongues; e'en choosing company by the wisdom God planteth within to guard the innocent.

I did start wrong in some of these as you shall soon see, for now I am come near to my story, which (tho' so many better ones

already) I hope may some content you, e'en tho' much discontent of mine in it.

I know you all for men of reputation and solid worth (some indeed with learning gained from universities), and shall the more esteem it, therefore, if my tale doth please you.

The first of my childhood was not spent in London, being sent there from the country at age of ten, or thereabouts, upon the occasion of my father's death.

A poor time of life to lose so good a father, for I loved him most dearly and was ever more mindful of his word than of others who have since tried to rule me.

He knew some good in me, I do believe, and how to bring it forth; nor spared the chiding of my faults.

I think he more dreaded leaving me to battle through life, than his own going from earth; remembering as I do his last long and sad look at me, gazing into mine eyes with such wealth of love as I can ne'er forget, till joined with him again,

My mother loved me too, granting all things she could afford to pleasure me (and more I fear, sometimes), but having not so good command as he whose care I had forever lost.

When arrived in London, I was at first nigh confounded with the greatness and

bustle of it ; fearing to venture forth alone lest I might be lost in the winding of streets and lanes.

This fear soon passed from me, however, when the newness had gone out of my thoughts ; and soon there were few ways, indeed, not familiar. I delighted most to wander by the water-side ; and tho' warned of rude sailors there, found them civil enough in the main. Hours have I set by the side of one, spinning his tales of lands beyond the sea, while splicing rope or patching of sails.

But soon I was growing out of childhood, and my romping plays gave way to more care of looks and dress, with some new fineries that must be seen in my glass to set them well ; to say nothing of mincing steps, and sly looks back at bold 'prentice boys, passing. Truly the most favoured of nature in their looks did always put on the boldest airs ; and so, not to be outdone by her, I favoured most Dame Nature's favourites. This I the more freely confess as a tale is naught unless truly told.

It had been wiser to keep a while longer to my books, and closer to household cares : but knowing better (or thinking so) I went my course, with my mind mostly on gowns, and latterly some jewels that had been given me to better grace them. Dancing and

visits to the play house (if all be told) were become frequent, tho' my mother ne'er knew of this last.

I was even now scarce fourteen years, and then it was I met a most handsome youth, few liklier, for looks, in London; John Hicks, by name.

He spoke fairly and promised well, and, for that I had thought him a 'prentice lad, he said he but acted it for a time, in some stress of fortune, coming of far nobler strain; and this he had thought I should have perceived. I took some fancy to his good looks and lordly ways, and much pride also to be seen by other maids with so brave-appearing a youth; yet I know not if it reached far into my heart. A woman will ever make all she can of the youth who first bespeaks her, whether he prove true or false.

I am not so bitter toward him now as once I was, trying in these later years to grow out of all old-time spite; and knowing full well that I should have better guided my own steps, however others may have sinned against me. I was not, as I have said, come to fourteen years (tho' near it), when on a sudden proposing of secret marriage by this youth (with setting forth thereafter on voyage across the sea), I had the folly to consent; moved partly by the noise it would make, and the sighs some

maids should heave at losing their chance of him.

He waited not long for my cooling in this, and we were quickly married at St. Faith's, close on St. Paul's; waiting some days ere I told my mother, and of our soon sailing for New England.

It caused her many tears in the hearing, and more at the soon parting; and some shed of mine own, as beginning to see that happiness is not in what we have, especially when not rightly come by.

It was thus that we sailed away, and were come at last to Weymouth, in the Bay, where we lived in some measure of content for the space of two or three years, thence coming to Newport in this fair isle of Aquidneck.

It was in the year of our Lord, 1640 that we reached Newport, and it seemed then (as it doth now) that a fairer spot might not well be. The sweetness and mildness of air, the fair prospect on every hand, (with the safety from Indians in situation) took strong hold upon me.

In this peaceful feeling I hoped some differences, of late arisen betwixt us two, might be healed; but so it proved not, for sweet content cometh never in change of outward place alone. There must be change within ere rest is found for perturbed spirit.

I will not try to assort the blame for each, tho' once I did account all his. That was enough, but perchance mine some.

My mother had sent me out some estate (enough needed when come) and would have followed it with more; but the rest of her holdings, with her own life and my brother's, went afterward in His Majesty's service.

My husband soon left me for the Dutch, at Manhattan, or thereabouts, taking most of my estate, and the son he had by me.

In some time that was now mine for reflection, it were well if I had remembered that old saying of an hasty marriage affording abundant leisure for repenting.

'Tis certain I felt no pressing need now to make such haste in a second marriage, as I had in first. As to the age I was now come to, I have indeed given an easy reckoning for it, so that it is plain to see I was not twenty yet, tho' a wife some years and lately in a kind of widowhood.

I am particular in this, to show how one woman, if no more, strains not to make younger than she is; and 'twere but fair I might have this one comfort from so early marrying, that it hath ever kept a youngness in me. I was, at time I write of, therefore, no older than many maids unmated and unasked. As I have to tell of other husbands soon, 'twere well to have in mind the name

I first bore, if by chance it hath 'scaped you, from my several married ones.

The name given at my birth was Herodias Long (or as in general called Horod for shortness); and that changed o'er soon to Hicks, will now come to another changing, as your wisdom hath already guessed.

My next husband was not gained until after some stir caused by dispute as to my carriage on the sad occasion of the deserting just related.

The men, for most part, declared I did carry myself in much modesty, with a sort of sweet sadness, the more pitiful in one so young.

The dames and maids were not all in agreement to this, some even so cruel as to flout me for a putting on of grief. I answered them not in such coin as they gave, but my second marriage may have been something spurred on, to cure quarrelings and heart-burnings only to be thus stayed.

I take no blame to myself here (who have enough other), as no fault of mine that I was comely; rather a misfortune indeed, I have oft thought.

But if my reasons for this marriage were some better founded than the first, yet 'tis but folly to place aught in the stead of love.

To this belief will I ever hold; and if late taken the more credit that I have grown to

it after much error and folly. Wiser than the old age of some, who, commencing better, have at last so fallen away as to give first place to gold, power, or office; only finding therein vanity, vexation and bitterness, as they near the great river.

I am on good resolve to see things at last aright, for that I made so poor a start and have too lamely followed on through most my life. But I must on with my tale, nor spare myself in the telling.

My second husband was a man of good parts, well meaning in the main, and better favoured as to looks than most from whom I might choose, among those that sought me; and this no small number, which was the cause of those heart burnings of certain maids, with pretence to disdaining me.

So judging too much by looks, instead of searching my heart, I took this one from those who offered; having since heard that some (disappointed in losing him) did call me forward, and harder names. I hope this were not so, and certain it is that all who desired could not have had him.

Before you condemn me too hardly in this second rash entrance to what should be most holy bonds, I pray you consider my still youth, and want of early guidance. There is one thing I would have clear, to wit, the regularity of my marriage to George

Gardiner, for such his name; calling to your minds the testimony of Mr. Stanton, how one night at his house, before himself and wife, we took one the other for man and wife.

Now, tho' this was many years before truth brake forth in the Quaker way, yet had this marriage some leaning toward their method; albeit they have safeguards in a host of witnesses, and other matters to make legal; our best approved men in this colony being, many of them, Quakers.

'Tis in the knowledge of some of you that we lived together near twenty years; until those differences arose of which I will later tell. But lest you should tire of husbands only, I must relate of another sort of trial that came upon me.

It was on occasion of that first flocking to the Quaker belief, being in the month of May (as I have cause to remember) and the year 1658; that a clear conviction came to me for giving forth of testimony, journeying to Weymouth for that purpose.

It was long and sore travel to reach it, near sixty miles through wilderness, with a babe at my breast, and only other companion Mary Stanton, to help me with the child.

For that I had not enough suffered in this task (which a man in full strength would have accounted hard); I was brought to Boston before that stern dealing Endicott,

and sentenced, with my companion, to ten lashes, as cure for esteemed heresy.

When I had suffered this, from a three fold, knotted, whip of cords, I kneeled down and prayed the Lord to forgive my oppressors, and was then cast into prison, being there confined fourteen days, as fit place to heal such cruel scourging.

It might well be thought I would trouble the Bay no more, yet once again went there, on occasion of that worst cruelty e'er practiced by Endicott; the hanging of Mary Dyer, a lamb indeed, led to the slaughter.

This visit (not generally known) was some years later, and kept something secret on the starting forth.

Yet upon that day of sainted memory I cared little if any knew, so worked upon was my spirit at such sacrifice. When, upon the crowd dispersing, an officer did peer sharply at me, (looking for any unsound as she who hung on tree), I threw back my hood that he might the better see my face.

But he let me pass unchallenged, for some murmuring of the people was begun at this worst cruelty (a turning in the tide, toward censure) for the very pity of it; and there were no more hangings.

Thus I returned to Newport unharmed, and in my short absence unmissed by most;

for I made no vain boast of it, nor should mention now except that true narration must be made of all that hath befallen me in trials.

None has so affected me as to see this dame (of most surprising beauty) wrought upon so wickedly by hard laws of harder men. I can e'en now hear those direful drum-beats, sounded that none might be moved by speech of her, as all were by the sweetness of her face.

If it weary you not I must again to my husbands.

I was on telling you of my second, Mr. Gardiner, and suffice it to say that I bore him many children, in whom (if not in ourselves much) we took some comfort.

Toward the last of it, however, there grew a feeling that an ill considered union had proved but an ill assorted one, the yoke too hard to bear; tho' fault not all of either, as I will freely say.

Upon seeing (or fancying so) he wished no more of me, I resolved not to be left a second time, but e'en leave him; and desired the most honored Assembly that I might have due allowance for my livlihood.

What labour and estate he had of me, with enjoyment of house upon my land, as also my daughter to bring up and maintenance of her, all this I asked; and that he be re-

strained from troubling me more. We are now come to about 1665 in my story, and you have seen me freed from my two first husbands, though not truly a widow.

Touching both, I have some wondered if any thought e'er came to them (as oft to me) of the sad state that our children were brought to, by no act of theirs, but only by our folly.

I remember the piteous look of the younger ones, as scarce knowing where to turn for love; not able to allot the blame, and bereft of a proper living with both of us. We had much desired freedom (a word which exalteth humanity) in thinking for happiness thereby; but some freedoms bring it not, if others rightly may. So that now come to us had more bitter than sweet in it.

In this land (as most others) men and women deem it wiser, in general, to live together, if for no more than company, tho' it were better, methinks, to ne'er join unless the heart be with it.

It was not long ere my late husband found one whom I trust may have proved a fitter mate than his first choice. I did not think to follow him in this, but had commenced so young on marriage that I could scarce remember when I had not husband, and thus most lonely now; causing much debate within me as to what the best course might be.

I was well resolved to at least take time enough to know my mind clearly before venturing again; tho' several pressing offers of marriage already made, so no lack of choice. It should be held in mind that I was now just turned forty, and esteemed younger still; so if suitors came it was small wonder, nor blame to me if any comeliness of mine should draw them. I am sure you who believe in fairness will hold me so far blameless.

When Mr. Porter came in seeming honesty (and I believe so meant), proffering not a young man's love, but kind treatment and care, with assurance mine estate should suffer not by him; I did at last consent to take him for third husband, and went then to dwell at Narragansett.

Here I doubt not shall my last days be spent, for he hath ever done as agreed, and I should be in fair content if my mind could be rid of thoughts of his late wife (tho' living), Margaret, from whom he parted in that same year of my last separation from husband.

I do know this ancient dame as a most worthy woman, and would not have her rest in the belief some would fasten upon her, that this late husband (now mine) did plot with me in putting aside our former mates, to join ourselves. This is so false I would

pass it by altogether, had not some assent been made by such as are always ready to believe the worst of their neighbors.

There has much joy come to my soul in the knowledge of a good settlement which my husband hath made on this former wife whereby her declining years may pass in comfort, so far as housing and goods may give it.

It was upon occasion of my third marriage that one envious dame did liken me to that Wife of Bath, of whom Dan Chaucer told (tho' I hope not like her in all); while another hath quipped on my name by calling me an horrid example, in having so large store of living husbands.

I care not for such floutings (which ever hurt most the makers thereof); knowing well the right and wrong of my life, in some, lately come, clearness. Such railers I forgive, as indeed all who ever wronged me; hoping for a like pardon from any I have harmed.

My husbands three (with wives having or had) shall believe this if no more of me; that I wish them such good health and sober happiness as God in his great mercy may vouchsafe to them.

And to you whose patience I may have some taxed, as to all later readers (if such ere be), remember God's word, and while you do justly, forget not to love mercy.

Try yourselves as well as me in the reading of this, as to whether you might have played a better part if a father's love and counsel had been lost to you at so tender an age, and if thus thrown into a great city's turmoil; where even the strongest sometimes grope and falter for the right way. Let me caution some of you older ones, sheltered in quiet corners and soft seats, not to grow hardened there yourselves, in judgment of the young. If their hearts reach rightly out to one another, hinder them not, from any worldly scruple, but help rather; that they may gain the best part of life, that nearest like our final haven.

If I have missed love's best degree, never shall it be said I have lost my faith in what might have been, and my hope that it may come to give content to others.

To the young, in especial, I would give this added counsel; guard well the treasure of your heart, as the richest possession; make sure you give it wisely, with no reserve needed then in the bounty and fullness of it.

I know not what weighing may be mine on those balances Mr. Jefferay dreamed of, but if I take my course honestly thereto, so much at least it favours me.

Ah! who can tell (of us here) about that last weighing, and how it will go with self,

friend or neighbor. Not always as we have deemed it. The Searcher of all things alone doth know, and we may but do our best and leave all judgment to Him.

Gift of

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